A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face,a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whitenesse beate away those blushes,
And in her eie there hath appeard a fire,
To burne the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth:call me a foole,
Trust not my reading,nor my obseruations,
Which with experimental seale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke:trust not my age,
My reuerence,calling,nor diuinitie,
If this sweete ladie lie not guiltlesse here,
Vnder some biting errour.

Leonato Frier,it cannot be,
Thou seest that al the grace that she hath left,
Is,that she will not adde to her damnation,
A sinne of periury,she not denies it:
Why seekst thou then to couer with excuse,
That which appeares in proper nakednesse?

Frier Lady,what man is he you are accusde of?

Hero They know that do accuse me, I know none,
If I know more of any man aliue
Then that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sinnes lacke mercie,O my father,
Proue you that any man with me conuerst,
At houres vnmeete,or that I yesternight
Maintaind the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me,hate me,torture me to death.

Frier There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them haue the very bent of honour,
And if their wisedomes be misled in this,
The practise of it liues in Iohn the Bastard,
Whose spirites toyle in frame of villanies.

Leonato I know not,if they speake but truth of her,
These hands shall teare her, if they wrong her honour,
The prowdest of them shal wel heare of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age so eate vp my inuention,

Nor

Nor Fortune made such
Nor my bad life reft me so
But they shall find awakte
Both strength of limbe,an
Ability in meanes,and ch
To quit me of them throu

Frier Pawse awhile,
And let my counsell sway
Your daughter here the p
Let her awhile be secretly
And publish it,that she is
Maintaine a mourning o
And on your families old
Hang mourneful epitaph
That appertaine vnto a b

Leon. What shall bec

Frier Mary this well
Change slaunder to remo
But not for that dreame
Put on this trauaile looke
She dying,as it must be so
Vpon the instant that she
Shal be lamented,pitied,
Of euery hearer:for it so
That what we haue,we p
Whiles we enioy it,but b
Why then we racke the v
The vertue that possessio
Whiles it was ours,so wil
When hee shall heare she
Th Idæa of her life shall
Into his study of imagin
And euery louely Organ
Shall come apparelld in
More mooning delicate,
Into the eie and prospect
Then when she liude in